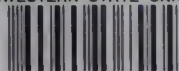


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ARGUS



FALL, 1977

Patrons

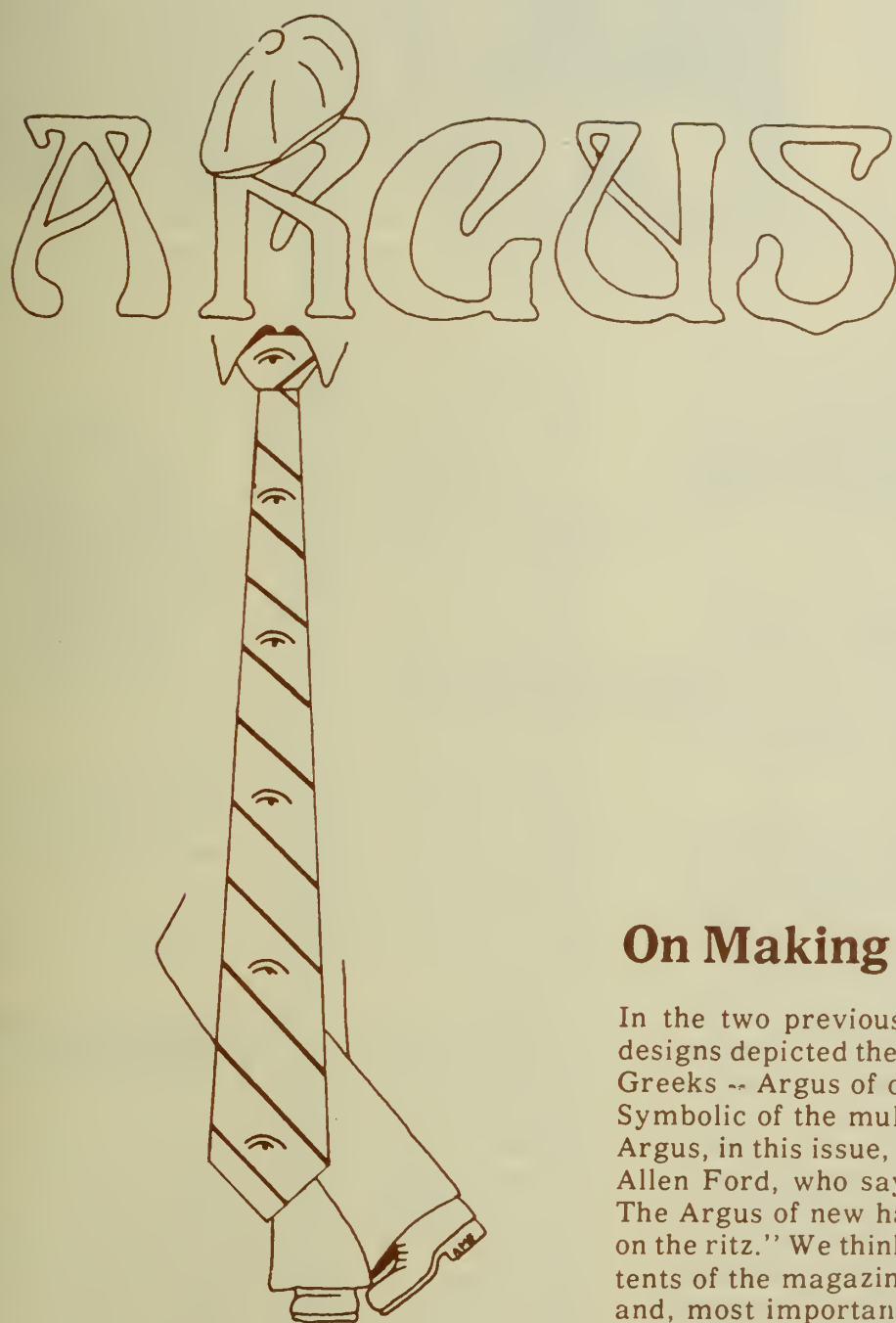
Mrs. Ilse Connelly

City Bank and Trust Co.

Exchange Bank and Trust Co.

First Federal Savings and Loan Assn.

The Peoples Bank and Trust Co.



On Making a Cover . . .

In the two previous issues of ARGUS, our cover designs depicted the myth handed down to us by the Greeks -- Argus of old, the hundred-eyed monster. Symbolic of the multiple talents of artists at NSU, Argus, in this issue, has been given a new image by Allen Ford, who says, "Clothes make the myth." The Argus of new has gone uptown -- "he's puttin' on the ritz." We think this cover epitomizes the contents of the magazine: sophistication, *joie de la vie*, and, most importantly, a sense of humor. But our beginnings have not been entirely abandoned. The discriminating eye will discover that the Argus of old is very neatly tied-in with the Argus of new.



First row: (L-R) Elizabeth Connelly, Cindy Totten, Cathy Newlin. Second row: (L-R) Christine Pickering, Richard Fletcher, Allen Ford. Third row: (L-R) Sheila Womack, Billy Gingles, Sandra Serio. Not pictured: Jack Baker, Cal Gilbert, Cay Kelly, Michael Robinson.

Guest Editorial

By
ARNOLD BOCKLIN

A Note to the Reader:

Because our editor is suffering from an acute case of weltschmerz and refuses to eat, write, water his goldfish or talk to his plants, this column is being written by Arnold Bocklin, a freshman English major from Sugra, Louisiana.

It was with some surprise and dismay that I accepted the invitation to pen this guest editorial. I have often fancied my name in print, but rarely have I had the opportunity to see it thusly. How I came to write this guest editorial is indeed a strange story. I will endeavor to recall to the best of my ability the events which led me to this page.

One day I was entering the Arts and Sciences Bldg. when I spied one of our better known professors, a self-confessed junk food addict, banging on one of the vending machines. Apparently she had lost her money in an attempt to purchase some cookies. No sooner had she muttered an invective and kicked the machine than the campus' most reknowned junk food junkie (erstwhile linguist, author, and Phi Beta Kappa keyholder) arrived and said, "What's goin' down?" To which she replied, "Ain't nuthin' comin' out!" For a moment he thought, then mumbled and gesticulated and packages of cookies tumbled to the floor! I was to learn later that he had spoken a phonemic, morphemic, allomorphic incantation. "Well, bless your heart!" she sighed. "Let's have a party!" A number of students were now gathering the cookies off the floor. Being a somewhat curious freshman, I decided to join the students and professors as they made their way up the stairs. The only girl in the group seemed nice enough, but her slip was showing and when she smiled it looked as if she had a piece of bacon lodged between her teeth. One of the guys had

an unkempt moustache and wore disintegrating Adidas tennies, while the other wore a T-shirt that read: "If you can tell what it is, it ain't art!"

We proceeded to make our way through the corridors and into the bowels of the Arts and Sciences Bldg. We arrived on the third floor and entered a small room with a peacock feather on the door. Inside were a number of new faces — a girl with flaming red hair, another with an Ipana smile, and yet another with natural gray highlights in her hair. In one corner of the room sat a girl expounding upon the chemical and physical properties of ions to a rather pale, disheveled looking young man. He only nodded his head and said, "Oh, yeah — oh, yeah." In another corner sat a guy with a guitar, wearing a derby, singing about how hot it was that afternoon. Leaning against the door was another guy talking about first impressions to a girl who had a rather wistful look in her eyes and cuddled a teddy bear in her arms.

Amid all the confusion and gab, sitting on top of the filing cabinet, was one tranquil figure — he was as serene as the Student Union on a Friday afternoon. It was then that I noticed his eyes on me and all four of them. He climbed down from the filing cabinet, moved toward me and said, "Hey, kid, new on campus? Hmm? I thought so. Listen, do you have a flair with a pen?" I was somewhat taken aback but managed to reply, "No, but my fine points are bold. Care for a banana?" "No," he said, "I'd rather have a Huggle Bunny Burger, but I'll settle for a frosted doctor with a guest editorial to go."

There you have it -- the rest is history. The agony of composing this masterpiece is now little more than a monkey bite on my memory. I'm on my way to fame and fortune! Today, ARGUS, tomorrow THE NEW YORKER.

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ELIZABETH CONNELLY

BILLY RAY GINGLES

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SANDRA SERIO



Faculty Advisor

DR. CHRISTINE PICKERING

**NORTHWESTERN STATE
UNIVERSITY**

ARGUS is a multi-media magazine published by the Department of Languages at Northwestern State University, Natchitoches, Louisiana. Price is \$1.50 per copy.

Our sincere thanks to the Department of Languages for its support and encouragement to Mr. J. C. Carlin, Mr. Gary Spangler, the employees of Louisiana Offset Printing Co. of Alexandria for their patience and assistance in publishing this magazine.

argus

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literature

Conversation Piece

It lay looking lifeless on the table
In between the tray and a
Missed-bitten french fry.
Nonchalantly — with care — I raised it
To the level of our voices
Chewing our words with the burgers.
Indiscreetly it crawled into the
Conversation where it was
Carried on the sweetness
Of the cherry pies.
But, then there was a
Missed-bitten cherry, and
Well, we
Dropped it.
You didn't seem to want
To pick it up again
So we left
It just like
That.

ALLEN M. FORD

Untitled

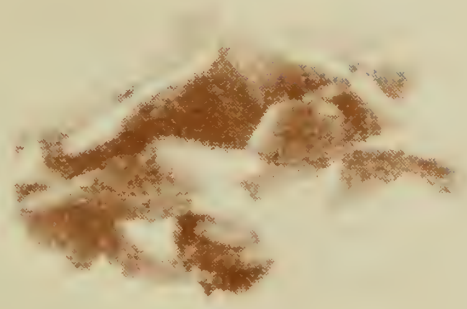
I saw it in your eyes this morning,
And I turned away because love
is a funny thing.

It comes all of a sudden--
magical and lush and promising to stay,
but it doesn't always.

And when it leaves, it takes more than it brought.
Perhaps there's not enough to go around and
I've no right to expect it to last,
but I do.

So stay with me and be a friend,
But don't try to touch me
Where you can't see.

ROGER D. ADAMS



As Water In A Fairly Molded Vase

As water in a fairly molded vase
Fills it, making perfect its design,
And yet is shaped, upheld, contained
By that which it has filled,
Taking its form and color from the vase,
So am I, dearest love, poured out in you,
Fulfilling and fulfilled, I make you whole
Yet am myself contained within you,
Molded and sustained.

Look into my soul's most quiet waters
And see reflected there
The hues of your dear soul which shelters me.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT



sunday evening return

i wake to big drops
splattering against the glass

it's only right

they slide up over
like tears in reverse

i turn on the wipers
but they only clear
the windshield

BILLY RAY GINGLES

in the fall

i quietly sat two tables away
stealing long glances
and touching you
with my eyes

and realizing
we would never happen

i drank my hope
and ate my dreams

BILLY RAY GINGLES

Closing Colors

Molten mixture
of noonday shimmers
dripping,
down through the
cracks in the trees
and past the
crevices of the mountains
Always, always
in the background
with mushy oranges
and smudgy reds,
Screaming the magic
of a recycled rainbow,
God says good evening.

JACKIE DEES

Rusted Chains

A Sonnet

Finger sore, I remove the burnished ring
And stretch my digits out to the hued wall.
Nostalgic whims and child-hopes I recall,
Unbound after desired imprisoning.
To be a tousle-maned, feral, hoofed thing,
Or lanky feline, elongating tall.
Dubiously womankind after all —
Book-dreams glided me near to castle-king.
Self-appointed slave now, I tend household
Of hohumdrum washload, kids shrieking loud.
All-encircling band, bull by nose-ring cowed:
Dreams and chains grow rusted as I grow old.
My life could have seen vast freedoms untold —
I wonder why we must corral each cloud.

CINDY TOTTEN

Concrete/Abstraction

With the dim dawn of morning I awake - thankful
For the waking and breathe deeply.
Chilly air refreshes my lungs, and
Glad of the warmth held to me by the
Aged patchwork quilt I sigh, remembering.

Again I hear the words/tone/inflection
And the laughter
I see the voluble eyes, the movement of lips-
And lashes, gentle gestures
That beautiful smile.

Once more I savor the special small
That one-of-a-kind delightful smell and
Feel the deep peace I knew as
I realized you were happy
To be with me.

And I worship.

Was it just yesterday
Or a fantasy of the night?

DANA PRINCE

The Sleeping Cupid **(In the Parlor of Rosedown Plantation)**

Splendors of scarlet and gold all about him,
Slumber-surprised in his wand'ring he seems —
Weary small waif from a lost world of legend,
Cupid lies dreaming his bright marble dreams.

Dropped on the spot where he tired of his playing,
Plump limbs he stretches in soft baby grace.
Missing three toes and one tiny stone finger,
He yet wears a smile on his slumber-sealed face.

More than a century of life has flowed round him —
Dead generations of laughter and tears.
Feasting and mourning have echoed about him;
At peace and uncaring, he slept out the years.

Now from the ends of the earth come the trav'lers,
Noisy and gay— but one sometimes will cease,
Stilled by surprise in the midst of his chatter,
To gaze in half-envy on the marble boy's peace.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT

Necrosis

Armadillo, your tired brains
On Louisiana's shoulders remain
A reminder of our ignorance,
Your innocence, and
Your dead.
You lay in decay and
Smell with carrion swell till
You burst.
We smell you smell
And after rain,
Like after birth,
Your memory will drain
And there remain
On mine.

ALLEN M. FORD

Showtime

Funny man,
Funny man,
Clown
In painted face:

Today
a smile
Tomorrow a frown;
Day after,
A tear
Or
Two.

Please tell me,
Mr.
Funny man:
Which one is really you?

DENISE Y. LEWIS



Haiku



A Note to the Reader:

The haiku is a form of Japanese poetry which states in three lines of five, seven, and five syllables a clear picture designed to arouse a distinct emotion and suggest a spiritual insight. Students enrolled in English 330, the Creative Writing Class, were assigned to write a number of haiku poems as an exercise in form. On these two pages is a sampling of their work.

Optimistic smile
Suspended in time — a click . . .
All that's left of her.
PAM WESTER

Marshmallow candy,
Whipped cream poured across the sky:
The clouds are at play.
CINDY TOTTEN

Calloused hands are hid
From intellectuals with
Callus in their heads.
INGRID AMBERDAY

Rise in the East, Sun.
Break the chillness from the air.
Help me breathe and run.
MARK BENGE

A fortune cookie. . .
This was not baked nor bought but
Tells my life story.
MARY KING

Night in a small town
Was evaded only by
Crowded Weiny Kings.
MICHAEL ROBINSON

Thank you for the truth
at a time when a lie was
much more convenient.
CALVIN GILBERT

Little do you know
of the commitment of birth. . .
I'm sorry my child.
EDITH M. HARRIS

Limp tired from the field
Of green and white and bloodstains
Do you enjoy the game?

ROBERT FONTENOT

We are here again:
Somewhere short of lovers yet
Somewhere beyond friends.

CALVIN GILBERT

Chewing on pen plus
Pondering about life equals
Haiku on Sunday.

CINDY TOTTEN

Illustration
By GEORGE D. McKINNEY

Green stalks of corn
are waving to me, a breeze
breathing through our silks.

MICHAEL ROBINSON

The trees softly sway.
The rabbits are quick to run,
To live one more day.

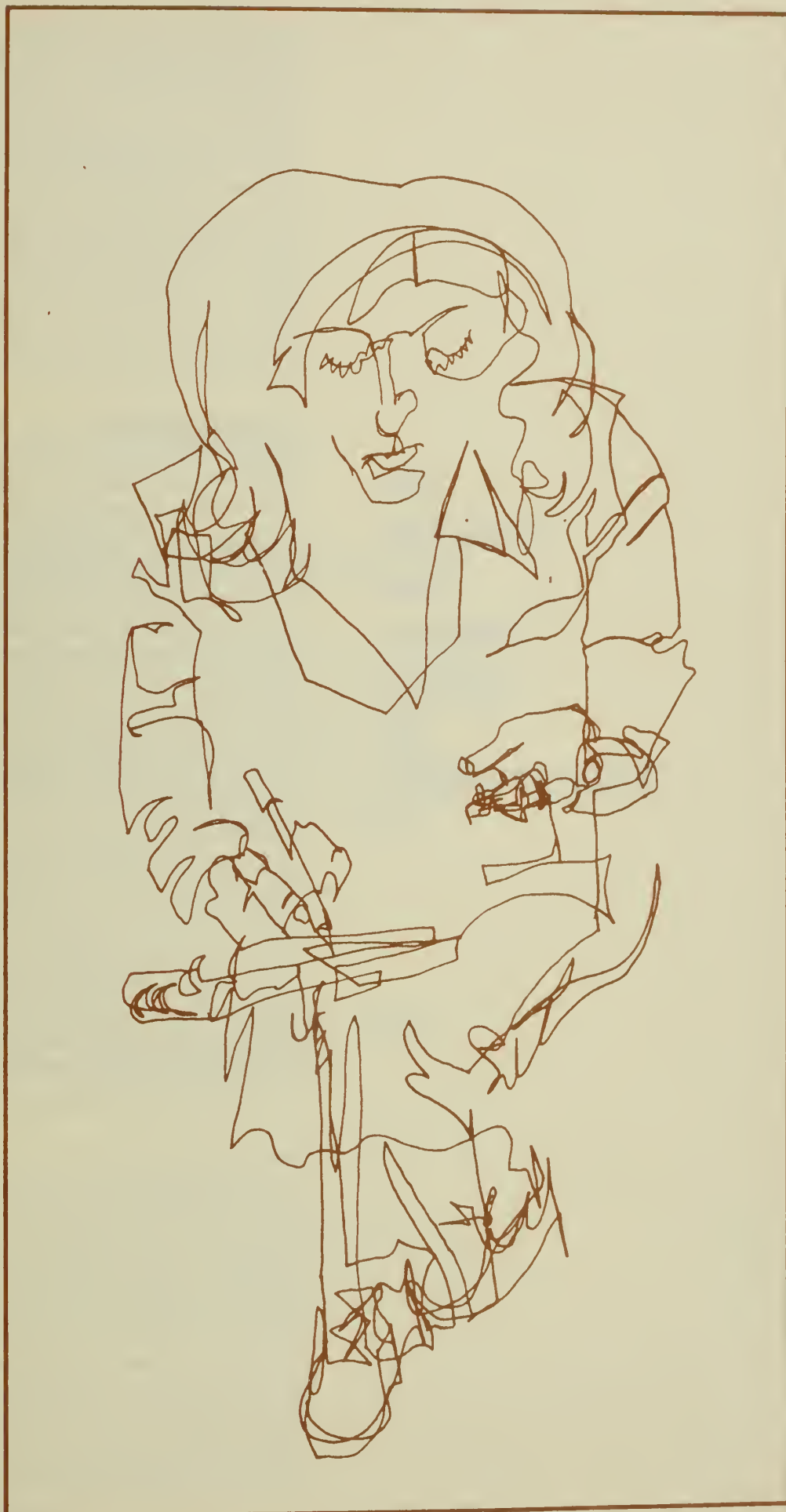
MARK BENGE

So war's glorious?
Tell the barren wives who come
To bury their dead.

PAM WESTER

Lap the briny cakes
Remuneration pays their debt.
You are branded serf.

GARY HUGHSTON



**On
Viewing
The
Golden
Shrine
Of
Tutankhamun**

Fair travelers through time! Your glittering world
Was old when Homer's songs were yet unsung,
An age before Rome's banners were unfurled,
Yet here upon your golden shrine, how young
You are! The ponderous intervening weight
Of years is rolled back by the magic touch
Of art, and, elegant in robes of state,
You stand at ease, relaxed, so very much
Alive, we almost feel the desert breeze
That stirs your garments as you linger there
Beneath the shade of royal incense trees,
And breathe with you the lotus-laden air.

Here they beguile some idle hour with talk —
Half-childish banter, playful tenderness;
Here, lithe and graceful as a lily stalk,
She bends to touch his arm in light caress.
Here, throned in majesty, he strives to still
His slender body, restless with young life,
To regal pomp, yet, half against his will,
His eyes steal, smiling, to his gentle wife.
Their story still shines fresh as in the hour
When some great craftsman etched it here in gold.
Its timeless sweet simplicity has power
To move us still, though centuries have rolled
Between their time and ours. Our hearts attest
The poignancy of this brief golden song
Of love, so soon to end in dreamless rest
And splendor-shrouded peace through many long,
Forgetful years. Now, brought once more to light,
The boyish god-king and his little queen
Achieve an immortality so bright
Our eyes are dazzled, having seldom seen
Such marvels. Nearly blinded by the blaze
Of so much beauty, scarcely drawing breath,
Awe-stricken, silent, we can only gaze
In wonder at their mockery of death.

Sweet royal lovers! To our age you prove
A timeless testimonial of joy.
Oh, might we know the grace with which you move
Unhurriedly through time, fair regal boy
And girl — Queen! Might we learn to loose awhile
Our fretful minds to pleasure, and, like you,
To love with frank simplicity, to smile
At time, our hard taskmaster, whom you knew
To be your slave. Amid the stress and strife
Of our speed-drunken century, be a sign
To us of what endures in human life,
A lesson wrought in gold upon your shrine.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT

whispers

her want and way
heir as her child to err like her pray, wherein
torpid whispers hear in carnal illusions,
mere fatuous intrusions
tear sound reasons of life from her vacant voice.
hard hearts clearly recall the salt of affection,
seconds, and years with tears of rejection.
on campus walls as ivy is, and pillared halls
where parts of her still linger; on shattered glass
the cut of crystal shadows pass; on thought
the pain malingers.
for love in truth with beauty blessed
that art of love does bring
a poet's desire, yet lovers yearn, May
mend this heart to sing
on sandy feelings under chambray ceilings
where beauty lies with truth in time.

ALLEN M. FORD

The Manipulators

Possessors
of a love
fed by self-satisfaction
they mold and shape
their children's lives
on a warped,
dangerous
potter's wheel.

They are the mothers
who are protectors;
are
selectors;
are
collectors
of their children's misery.

DENISE Y. LEWIS



Untitled

A lifetime
Of dark
Is
Even darker
when
The one who
bears the only flame

Is blind.

DENISE Y. LEWIS

Ions of Love

Hustlers abound in this loving matter
Searching for a charge to fill their empty shells.
Completing a ring of satisfaction
only binds bits of opposition.
The bodies are used for an atomic release
until beings fall out under cover.
Then sealing time gathers their pain
for fusions to come,
and hydroid humans rotate out —
with a valence of one.

SHEILA F. WOMACK

Illusions

Perhaps the wind does not exist
It is only a current of emotion passing
from leaf to leaf like a mist
As minds and hearts are likely to do
small conversation smoothing a worried brow
or dark fury sweeping through shaky doubts
These feelings take mere souls in their grips
and rock them in unison
making the wind
only an illusion

SHEILA F. WOMACK

Autumn

Warm sunshine drips down
melting its honeyed rays
through cucumber breezes.
Stalks of pines with cool, crisp needles
honor the innocence of earth.
At last she has come,
Autumn gathers scattered hearts
to set them free

SHEILA F. WOMACK

October Revolution

They had been at it half the afternoon,
those patient men, industrious
and stolid as their docile waiting truck,
coaxing the hoyden leaves
into several separate mounds
of brown sedateness. (The leaves
still whispered brittlely among themselves
as though to plot escape.)

. . . Came a mad gaiety of wind out of the west,
and the leaves burst into dancing,
littering the laughing air
with flung largesse of brown and gold;
the men's piled hoards
were scattered like a bad child's toys.

They leaned awhile upon their rakes, and looked,
then got into the truck and rode away,
while I, wind-tipsy, laughed to see them go,
and turned to join the tarantelling leaves.

Illustration By CINDY COOK

MARIE H. CHENEVERT



A Puzzle

Where once waved banners of brightest hue,
Now, poles, naked, knife the wind.
Where profuse gardens green once grew,
bare earth bakes in baleful sun.

And yet in the dark, the dumb, the blind,
See the standards and food they find.

And yet their words, as flags unfurl,
And wave in the wind of a frozen world.

BOB GADDIS

Tell It Twice

Tell the rain the clouds have run.
Tell the sun the night has fell,
Tell the belle her beau was brave.
Tell the grave that death is still,
and if you will,
Tell his wife he'll love no more.

Tell the truth in chosen words.
Tell the birds they have no sky.
Tell the lie no truth is lost.
Tell the frost with silent chill,
and if you will,
Tell the child who bears his smile.

Tell the ballad there is no song.
Tell the strong their age is weak.
Tell the creek in search of water.
Tell the world her man had will,
and if you will,
Tell his mom she should be proud.

ALLEN M. FORD

Tense

I want
 you know
 What most everyone wants
 First real love
 then fame and fortune and
 world at my feet
 And when I get
 (cause I will get if I want)
 fame and fortune (and income tax)
 and my own true Rhett (and his own true mother
 Complete with Chihuahua
 constipation and
 queen-size support hose)
 and raving fans (and Alka-Seltzer and Thorazine)
 and rural retreat (and electrified enclosure)
 and English sheepdog
 and silver Persian (who decide to have a mixed marriage)
 and money for my charities (and my aunt's
 fifth cousin's
 sister's-in-law
 nephew's
 godson
 By marriage)

I will say:

Boy

am I lucky

Look how lucky I am I wish everyone was as lucky as me where's
 my Apple Mary disguise I gotta go to the drugstore for my ulcer
 pills oh hell I got a twinge gimme some milk dammit no I won't
 do a special with Donny and Marie now or ever Rex stop licking
 my face you've got incredibly bad breath cancel my appointment
 with that astrologist I don't wanna know what's gonna happen
 next Rhett darling I love you frankly you don't give a damn
 let's talk about this tomorrow can we I gotta be at a taping twenty-
 two minutes ago

And the funny thing is, I can hardly wait.

KAY BAUMGARTNER

Is Seven Up?

By
EDITH M. HARRIS

Life is a trip! I mean a real honest to goodness stone vacation!!

Many times people have looked at me and my use of street language questionably. I get the impression from these looks that these people don't believe that what I'm saying does actually convey thoughts and ideas. My street language is as much a necessary part of me as makeup is of Cher Bono, the only difference being that the application of the former is less time consuming and is as hot and heavy as the latter.

When I want to avoid the routine drudgery of a rainy Monday morning, instead of layin' a "Good morning" on somebody, which would be a lie, I exchange a brisk "What's happenin'?" and when all else fails it will get a smile and a "you' cool", everytime.

Now whenever I'm not on the for real side the reply would probably be: "Honey, it's a funky situation." And that reply even though it ain't cool is relatable.

I'm here to tell ya' that there's a cold-blooded reply to everything. When I want to be one up on those "too cool dudes" -- those who believe they own the world and everyone else is just visiting -- here's the game I run down. Whenever I'm approached with the line "What's happenin', mama?," naturally accompanied by grim breath and a cool lean, my reply is: "It's you, baby . . ." and as soon as that piano grin starts to unfold from his oversized lips, I complete my statement with: "when I ain't around." Boy, does that ever cut their strut; if only temporarily. Even for that little time I have to give myself a pat on the back.

I guess most of my instructors would "E-Gad" or "Gad-zooks" or something at my use of the vernacular. But it really takes a quick and alert mind to handle the language intelligently.

Another phase of the interlocution that's bookoos of fun is playin' the dozens. Now that's a trip!

Playin' the dozens is nothing more than a verbal battle with no physical harm intended. Usually the loser only departs from the scene with a dented ego. As a matter of fact the results are everyone laughing to the point of tears. One can easily tell when playin' the dozens, also known as shootin' duds, is foreplay to a physical confrontation when one hears those two nap-raising words, "yo' mama!" Then is the time for all good men to duck the chairs being flung by their fellow men.

I remember one day a friend of mine by the name of Calvin came into the cafeteria. He made a remark to the effect that he hadn't seen me in a while and the remark went something like: "Well, if it ain't the devil in person." My reply: "Brought to you in living color." Calvin: "I'm glad I've got black and white!" I had been defeated in that bout, but there would be others . . . many others.

For example, I have one dud that I use occasionally when referring to someone with an obscure mentality -- "Chil", his brain would fit in the navel of a gnat and rattle around like a B-B in a barrel!" And naturally among the oohs, ahhs, and bursts of uncontrollable laughter, I am declared winner!

But I have a friend who can shoot a dud without the bat of an eye. For instance, one day she approached a guy in the Student Union who reeked of a familiar odor during the a.m. part of a weekday. She inquired as to the name of the "cologne" he was wearing. The guy, supposedly the compendium of ultimate coolness, smiled confidently and said, "Whatzitsmellike?" "Schlitz!" she replied, reducing the 6'3" sprinter to the size of an ant's eye.

The term "brick house" is one of the latest additions to street language. For a woman, the measurements would usually range somewhere in the vicinity of 36-24-36. Now if I ever say a guy is built like a straw hut or a brick condominium, you can be sure that I'm speaking of the extreme ends of a brick house. Too small and lean or too big and mean. Either way the recipient of the com-

ment resembles death on a marble ice-cream cone.

I sometimes imagine that there may be some who feel that this lingo is revolting. If one doesn't speak the King's English then the language is distasteful. Now, ain't that a bop?! Everybody has, I believe, a terminology unfamiliar to others. Well, if it would make these opposers of the street jargon feel any better to consider it a unique terminology, then solid. Street language a sign of ignorance? No, it is only rhythm condensed, and to comprehend is to be able to hang, to relate, and deal with it as it is, was, and will be. Street language is not only a trip, but trip city. And the coolness of it all is that it's not hazardous to your health or addictive. Ain't it nice to know that you're one up on the surgeon general?!

One day I'd like to write my own dictionary of parlance. They do exist, you know. And I would be sure to mention in the preface that one must crawl, walk, run, then cruise through this form of oral communication to get the desired effect. Street language is to be enjoyed like a fine wine in the sense that if one doesn't know how to deal with it, it can mess with the mind. Street language is mellow.

When the words just roll, float, glide, and slide off the tongue and lips onto the ears of your listener(s), then you're what's happenin'! And if anyone should have the audacity to inquire as to your ability to reduce your newly-developed argot to its lowest terms, be certain that your reply is this: "Is Seven Up?"

Street Language Translator

Ain't cool -- unacceptable due to surrounding circumstances or present conditions.

B-B -- ammunition for a B-B gun.

Bookoos -- an abundance of something.

Bop -- trip

Cold-blooded -- in reference to the essay it means direct and self-assured.

Cool lean -- an angle or stance which can be done with the feet crossed or spread.

Cut their strut -- to purposely and sometimes viciously tear down someone's defenses.

Deal with it -- cope or hang.

Death on a marble ice cream cone -- unpleasant to look at.

E-Gad or Gadzooks -- interjections of astonishment.

Funky situation -- things aren't going well or as well as preferred.

Grim breath -- breath gives off a foul or offensive odor.

Nap -- a miniature curl.

Piano grin -- a broad smile exposing good and rotten teeth in succession.

Solid -- right on or OK.

The for real side -- good mood or carefree; can also mean the true side of a situation.

Tickled -- amused.

To hang -- struggle or contend on even terms or successfully.

Too cool dudes -- males with the mistaken impression that they are God's gift to the opposite sexes.

Trip or stone vacation -- an unbelievable condition or situation.

Trip city -- a subconscious state of mind reserved exclusively for the act of trippin'.

What's happenin'? -- how are you today?

What's happenin', mama? -- how are you today, you sensuous vixen?

You' cool -- implies that one is in control of his capabilities; coolness, the act of being cool.

Is Seven Up? -- this question would have the same effect as if the person were asked can a buffalo skate?

On Imagination

By
PAM WESTER

With a sort of nostalgic fascination I watched my young nephew wage war between a one-armed tin soldier and a ragged stuffed tiger -- a war as real and exciting to him as one between a thousand GI Joes, and I wondered at the marvelous situations he created with those two decrepit little toys and the imagination vibrating from his tiny mind. Suddenly I felt ashamed and a bit frightened that somewhere between the fairytale days of my childhood and that exact moment my imagination had inadvertently slipped away and that the most creative actions I had performed lately were to rearrange the living room furniture and to adjust the color on the television set. So I began searching -- rummaging through the cluttered priorities of my mind for that small fuse of imagination that once lit can explode into countless potentialities, and I found it stuffed carelessly behind dusty memories and faded childhood dreams.

Something happens to the majority of us as we grow older. Our creativity becomes smothered by the bustle and bother of everyday routine. As a result, we sometimes lose our sense of humor -- it becomes hard to laugh at ourselves.

I harbour the rather ambiguous conviction that it is knowledge in some and the lack of knowledge in others that inhibits imagination and the creative process.

There is the average individual, blessed neither with brilliance nor hampered by stupidity, whose only concern is meeting bills and obligations, and whose interest never goes beyond the daily newspaper or the late show. Satisfied with his ninth-grade reading ability, he never explores or develops his own talents or creative abilities, nor does he read and discover new ideas that would stimulate his imagination and, perhaps, recapture the thrilling childhood experience of learning something new in a great big fascinating world. I'll never forget my first encounter with Einstein's Theory of

Relativity. My mind instantly recoiled from the fact that nothing is absolute, and that even an object's weight is relative to its location and speed. Then I became increasingly interested as the panorama of new ideas unfolded into logical order. I am persuaded that our creativity cannot flourish when we cease to learn and experience new things.

Consider those who further their education but whose minds become stagnant lakes in which the input so far exceeds the output that the life within becomes immobilized and, eventually dead. Knowledge lies dormant, never germinated by the possessor's imagination. I think that every student of higher education is, at one time or another, faced with the threat of being completely overwhelmed by the constant demands placed on his intellectual capacity. The sometimes mechanical approach to acquiring an education is frustrating, particularly when a student's only expression of his ability and creativity are through the shaded dots of a machine-graded test. He is given few chances to think or write creatively, and his imagination lies unexploited.

But offsetting this stultifying influence is an elite of innovative thinkers who have managed to shelter this magical ability. From this select few come those who revolutionize the world with their explosive originality -- the Galileos and Newtons of science, the Bachs and Beethovens of music, the Emersons and Eliots of literature, and countless others who never reach fame. These preside over classrooms, become researchers who stretch technology to the limit to discover new scientific truths, are the constant companions to the latest and best books, and always, always stimulating their imagination by seeking and incorporating new ideas.

Imagination, then, is a link to ourselves. Allowing it to recede with childhood or become lost in the complexity of education invites a lifetime of unrealized potential.

Eyes Lie

A Romantic Riddle

By
ALLEN M. FORD

Jessica had turned to many. Though her self had often been used and scattered, it was her being battered that left her mind abused. Yet, having survived the many falls that failed to shatter, her heart was as ever young and healthy.

Physically, she was visibly a woman blessed with no natural burdens. Her plain beauty, however, lay beneath the fine dust of her disposition. It had been some time since she had been dusted lasted.

Jerome had his dreams and aspirations. Many times he would confuse the two. Some were fantastic while others were not. As a loner he had learned to plow back into the soil of his youth those dreams which sprouted from his youth. Jerome had also patiently cultivated acres of calm endurance. From these fields came potential; the produce of his self-esteem. If harvested together at the right moment, Jerome felt his success would not go hungry.

In his reveries, his physique and capabilities were some things he often overestimated. In reality, he had average agility, a fair complexion, and an unkempt moustache.

It was out of desperate boredom on a holiday that Jerome accepted his friend's suggestion. In company with the friend, he took his date to a party among unfamiliar people in an unfamiliar house located in an unfamiliar neighborhood. The home was an arabesque tacked to a cliff by its sheer magnificence. Expensive imports were strewn everywhere.

He hated to remind himself that he was with Kim. Yet, he had to often, for his thoughts kept turning elsewhere . . . to a certain long-haired brunette. Her dress was a chambray ankle-length halter. It flattered her every movement. It also appeared that from every room he entered he could catch her entertaining a different audience.

Because they were friends, Jerome enlightened Eric. Being a suggestive sort of fellow, Eric proposed a plan which was put into effect immediately: Jerome was instantly "exhausted." Since Kim was "a little tired too," it was at her suggestion that Jerome took her home.

Jerome arrived back at the party in time to see his dream melt into the arms of the host. Jerome snatched a drink, plopped on the piano bench, and tried to make friends with the blind beagle. As he was about to resign the evening, his eyes latched onto a pair of smooth tan calves that walked, turned, and sat but two feet away. Slowly, his eyes traveled upward until they had met Jessica.

"Nice dog?"

"uh huh . . ."

The first kiss came hard. It was not that he had never kissed a girl before. He had. It was just that he really liked

this one. Jerome did not want her to think that he was taking advantage of her kindness, or anything else. After the first several dates though, Jerome sensed her growing frustration.

She finally put things into perspective. During a red light she laid a well-placed kiss on his lips. Talk about flustered: Jerome instantly popped the clutch, killing the engine.

As their love grew as the weeks passed, their behavior grew all the more erratic. Soon, Jessica was to go away for her second year of college. Both verbally admitted that the implications inherent with the change would, in the long run, be for the best for both. Their relationship was not slow to transgress the moral barrier of their milieu.

Once, Jessica and Jerome went to a movie. If asked, they would respectively remember viewing a travel and a horror film. Jessica transversed the silver screen on the black shell of a disoriented beetle. The peril-less journey lasted the duration of the show. During the same time, Jerome's eyes were fixed to the silent screen between his ears. There, he saw played out his best dreams, and worst fears. If pressed for details they would both be speechless. They did not talk much. They never had.

"J?"

"hm?"

"s go."

"k."

In twenty summers neither had had a better time. Jerome was in love and Jessica was, like the summer days, falling fast.

Finally, the day to say goodbye arrived. To the airport they rode side by side, exchanging little more than forced smiles in an uneasy attempt to be reassuring. At the gate the farewell was short and wet. Then there was a last minute effort to exchange promises and addresses they already knew by heart.

Jerome's misty eyes taxied with the plane as it swiftly crossed the cold empty field. In an air of lost hope the plane took off. Jessica departed.

Their love had no choice but to settle for the medium of letters. At first, it adapted well. Feelings that remained passively silent before were now vehemently exclaimed. Their epistles became daily rituals. Though with time, the correspondence slackened conspicuously as each languished their forlorn loves.

Faith, be it only in his own love, kept his letters bright and bon vivant for quite a while. Yet, Jerome's letters seemed incomplete without his unkempt grin, or boyish groans, or warm lips. As he really wanted to surprise her, Jessica read the half-conveyances of his love and his plans to make theirs last. The restraint did not go entirely unnoticed.

All too soon it hurt more to seal a letter than it did to tear one open. Jessica found little warmth or security in addressing return addresses. Her words were drawn from a well of shallow faith in herself. For her the days were long, the weeks dragged on, and the nights grew longer still. In her loneliness she eventually lost herself.

"Why Don't You Write Me," an American tune by Paul Simon, was a new release Jerome tried to ignore. But with Simon's lyrics echoing through Jessica's promising promises that had grown repetitious, Jerome came to suspect the excruciating truth. Eventually, Jerome was led to a riddle that he would never find the answer for: Why do lovers in love leave their loves?

Natural Conspiracies

By
CINDY TOTTEN

I was sitting around the house one weekend — (after being away at college for a month) and noticed that my complexion had gotten much worse in the short time I'd been home. This phenomenon urged me to wonder just *why* my face (acne-prone as it is) looked more like a firing range than usual. Could it be that the mere action of traveling jostled my sebaceous glands into over-activity? I ruled that thought out immediately. I had traveled before and my face never seemed to mind. It *couldn't* be that I would have to see parents and friends after being gone. Or could it? And, suddenly, similar occurrences floated to my memory.

I remembered that every time I had an important place to go on a special occasion, my face traitorously broke out. Not horribly, mind you. Just enough to mar my already lacking looks. My voice stammered when I was nervous. And I was nervous most often when I longed not to be. I either blanched or turned various shades of red. My hair behaved shamelessly — curling up where it should have turned under, sticking out where it should have feathered into other locks.

I was beginning to see a pattern.

I recalled numerous times when my ears were less than clean (I discovered this while having said appendages examined by a doctor, who said I had cobwebs between my ears. My alleged friends, when told of the physician's comment, agreed) or that I had "sleep" in my eyes, or, worse yet, something in my nose. All, of course, visible to the general populace.

From all this, I deduced that it was a plot. My whole body conspired to do me in through misbehaving in public.

I then remembered other embarrassing

moments not quite in the same **category** as body-conspiracies. Countless **times** I had walked through a whole day smiling **widely** at everyone only to find, when looking in a mirror later, that I had a large piece of breakfast bacon lodged firmly between my two front teeth. Desperately, I would try to remember whom I had talked with that day, finding out, of course, that I had spent quite a while grinning foolishly at a guy I was attempting to impress. Or the times I'd return from an event to find that the zipper on my pants had been mysteriously broken, revealing snatches of unmentionables.

I felt that I had unearthed something few people discuss: our bodies and clothes plot against us, rebelling at socially-vital occasions.

How do we avoid this body-paranoia? Short of ducking into a restroom to adjust our appearances each time we have an encounter with another person, there's not much we can do.

I think we stress appearances too much. Basically, everyone wants to look pleasing, but when that wish gets to fanatical proportions, I rebel. I know girls who strive to get each eyelash of one eye perfectly matched with its partner fringing the other eye. Each individual hair on their heads must be perfect. Fashion magazines also stress perfection; each model seems flawlessly beautiful.

Flaws, however, often add to the appealing quality of a person or object. Details make things unique. Sometimes slight flaws can be endearing instead of marring. Beauty can be found in things patched and pied, dappled and motley. As Gerard Manley Hopkins said in "Pied Beauty": "Glory be to God for dappled things. . . skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow. . . All things counter, original, spare, strange. . . Praise him."

We should learn to look beyond mere appearances, beyond plastic facades, beyond artificial fronts to the real people beneath.

Old habits are hard to break, and, even as I sit here writing this, I have this urge to seek out my reflection in silvered glass. However, I will try to set an example by resisting the temptation to primp (this might be easier if mirrors were banned.)

Incidentally, if you don't know me, I'm the scraggly-haired girl walking down the hall with her slip showing, grinning idiotically at passers-by. . .

Photo By STAN ALOST

The Truth About

To most outsiders, the streets would have been terrifying this morning. But as Albert, newly arrived, looked on, he was fascinated and not the least bit threatened. His diploma was barely off the press (stamped May 18, 1940) before he made his way to this alien environment. He had dreamed of this — it was all part of his master plan to define humor. I realize this does not sound like a master plan, but Albert rejoiced in intellectual research. On the subject of humor, he had been disappointed with all former research. He did not in the least accept the ancient proposal that humor was nothing more than glorified pain.

I'm sure you are wondering why he chose the streets for his intellectual research. The answer lies in Albert's assessment of the streets. He believed the streets were the perfect untainted specimen, often describing them to his disbelieving colleagues as "an unequivocally virginal jungle, remote within the domain of humanity." He cared little that this raised eyebrows. He had taken the harassment from his friends and professors with no defensive reply until the day he finally boarded the bus en route to the streets.

"Friends," he had pontificated, "all is well in Greece. Knowledge demands a pledge, that if challenged, the seeker has to be willing to ignore all other alliances. And so, in my pursuit of knowledge, I shall ignore your propriety and other social demands. I desire, in my search for humor, communion with all the world's derelicts, geezers, undernourished bums and walnut-headed bastards, for the seeker of knowledge, aided by grace, will triumph in even the most alien of environments."

It was strange to his cohorts that he had used grace in this context. It was discussed long after his departure. Nevertheless



Humor

A Short Story

By
MICHAEL ROBINSON

I say this in defense of Albert, his "grace" enabled him to come street-wise quickly. The first day he was in the streets he did nothing more than watch — and learn. He absorbed much, apparently unaware he was making the inhabitants uncomfortable with his studying of them. By the second day, he was more acceptable to the people. In the morning he got his first taste of what he had expected and wanted. Walking into the lobby of the hotel, a porter approached him.

"Mr. Albert," he questioned, "how's about a nickel so's I can have an even dollar?"

"Well, let's see — I've got two bits, how's about six bits for me even dollar? Look in your other shoe," Albert returned. When the porter's face broke into a large grin, Albert flashed a smile and wink, intending to relay the message, "I understand you, and I know what I'm doing."

On the streets, he found nothing more fascinating than its large collection of con-men whom he referred to as "unorthodox entrepreneurs." He was repulsed by the vulgar, unrelenting pursuit of money; yet, he reiterated to himself time and time again that beneath the coarseness, the world of make-a-buck, there was humor. He sensed immediately an irony, a splendid humor, in the comic con men constantly searching for outsiders, for prey. Albert believed they were like young boys who could not enjoy an apple offered for in a simple over-the-counter transaction, for such amounted to naught but existence. These people, Albert rejoiced, were much beyond existence, mere survival. He mentally noted that the street people wanted, in their existing for existence, a smile — comedy — beneath the veneer of survival (if indeed it was veneer.) But though these people, home in decayed alleys,

wanted only a laugh, Albert would not knowingly be taken in by any scheme. Before you make any hasty judgments, I think it best you know why Albert would not acquiesce to any con. To do so, he maintained, would mean that he sanctioned the deceptiveness of the con men. It is true, that each time someone gave money to these con men they were being rewarded for being deceptive. So in reaching his decision not to knowingly vie in, Albert further stated to himself that any other course of action would be detrimental to his impeccability and to the humor, since giving in would be a hollow victory for the unorthodox entrepreneurs.

On the sixth night of his visit, someone knocked at his door. Albert mentally prepared himself — he, too, had the laugh in his interaction — and opened the door. Backed away, cringed slightly, from the doorway was Jake—a street authority on lunacy, Albert noted. "You Albert, ain't you? Ain't you Albert?"

"That I am. Come in, good man."

"I used t' have me a suit just like that suit there, back when I was a gennalman. Sho did," he pointed to the closet. "You's got nice clothes. O' course you knows I'm a laundry man. Fix up most anything, too. Lawd, this room is a mess. I sure wish I had a cigarette — need some money, that's what I need."

Albert was studying what had to be Jake's technique. The contracted neck, with chin on his shoulder was good. His scruffy hair and wide eyes were good, also. A crazy should talk with impediment, but Jake overdid his speech. The way his mouth moved with predictable dribblings of saliva was irritating after awhile. Really, Albert didn't like the crazy routine. A crazy had to be too blunt about money — Jake's flexibility and subtleness were quite limited. Too, it wasn't so fine a comedy as other cons were. Perhaps, though maybe I am being pretentious, a more passionate man would have considered the possibility that Jake was crazy.

When Jake left, empty handed of course — well, he did have a freshly lit cigarette — Albert returned. He had seen many cons, all the shams, he congratulated himself. Yet he still hadn't met "Jesus." He had to do this first thing in the morning. Albert had only seen him two times, the day before and his first day, but he had seen him from afar. "Jesus" was the hero of these streets — Albert had heard him lauded many times. While the street lights and thin curtains cast dancing shadows on his walls, he thought of their — Jesus' and his — inevitable meeting. For by this time Albert, too, and he knew it so well, was a bit celebrated on the street. There would be no violent clash, he thought, but comparison of notes on the people, for Jesus also must possess an exceptional understanding of people like these for them to make a hero. Growing restless this night — I think it was caused by anticipation — he reached in the half-light for his cigarette papers and tobacco, being the traditionalist he was.

With a neat cigarette in his mouth he reached for his matches. They were misplaced. He groped around, then frustrated, sat up — so painfully hard to do once settled in for the night — to get a better view of the floor, where the matches must be. In this instant it came to him.

"Damn, damn it, it can't be true." But it was true, Jake had passed through the door of these four walls, for the whole period of the night still unexhausted by Albert, with those matches. "Damn," he echoed softly, "Damn it all."

In the late hours of the morning — close to noon — slightly disheveled, with puffy eyes and stale mouth, Albert emerged from the dilapidation of the two-story hotel. A lamp was still on by the entrance, or exit, whichever, but dimly so because of the contrast with the sun's rays, infinitely regular in an enormity of miraculous irregularity. This was not the appropriate time. It was not right, so when he saw Jesus approaching, Albert abruptly entered Mr. Raker's store, letting the hinged door slam behind him. Raker, a little girl and he were the only ones in the store; Raker was tidying up the shelves, changing prices, the little girl was browsing and Albert was pretending to be doing some serious shopping (eyes and neck in contorted unison), with his back to the front window. He was not afraid of Jesus, it was only mandatory that he be at his best. A first meeting, alas, can happen but once, wherein future

boundaries be drawn by the initial overt and tacit outlines. A contact of eyes would be the impetus for a meeting. Albert had to avoid this until his mind was intact, squarely secured in cranium, each molecule — no, atom — oscillating in perfect synchronization with all other atoms within his mind. I have come to learn there is no mind, only a conglomeration of behavior, according to the new school of psychology pervading this country; Albert would have considered this, if anything, a novel, but half-witted postulation. A product of Freud, and none of this center-of-being either, he was home in his head. The minutes he suffered through did seem especially long though he knew this to be an inaccurate, self-deceiving assessment of time, for the little girl was still browsing as he grew more miserably anxious. When she made up her mind, and was trudging to the counter, and Raker was exerting himself to be behind the cash register when she got there, Albert decided it was a propitious time for his exit. Standing behind the little girl, a small bottle of Dr. Tichenor's in his hand, he noticed her thick, richly red hair, shining unrestrained strands of red hair swooping about her shoulders and back, and flying in her oval face. Her face, Albert mused, was a partnership of front teeth, eyes and freckles. She didn't notice him, though he was ready, all set, to give her his big smile, for she was occupied with pulling her cumbersome collection of groceries, a loaf of bread, two red potatoes, a pair of socks and one piece of candy, up to, then on, the counter, while Raker totaled the amounts. She was short. I don't mean physically — it has been clearly stated she was a little girl. I mean her funds were insufficient. Albert looked on as Raker stood with his palms flat on the wooden counter, with the look (Raker) "I didn't let your damn monkey go, I sure as hell can't run, so if anything catch the little son-of-a-bitch yourself, little girl, but quit interrupting me, I'm busy." On her face Albert didn't see any tears but he knew the anguish. This girl was too young, too frail in mind and spirit to endure the frustration of taking — though there were only three of them in the store — something back admitting openly to a savage, merciless man that she, in anyway, was inadequate.

"Look, little missy," Raker told her, "All you got to do is put that candy and them socks back where you got 'em."

Red hair thrown forward with her downcast head, walking toward the aisle of her shame, she did not progress far, before with a hand in front of her wilting frame, Albert stopped her. Casting his eyes upon Raker, he gave her the amount she needed to pay the bill for all of the items, not just the socks and candy. He put the Dr. Tichenor's back on the shelf, gave Raker one last look of indignation — I think today it is referred to as "go-to-hell" — and triumphantly marched out of Raker's store.

His march was terminated by the man he had skillfully avoided; he was ready, though. He felt a vigor, a vitality, in his flesh and head. Raising his arm, hand open, wrist relaxed, he fixed his eyes on those opposite his, and began his salutation, "Mr. Jesus, I am. . ."

"Sh," the man opposite him directed as he pointed his finger at the store window. Albert was puzzled. Jesus repeated his gesture. Understanding now, Albert turned in time to see the little girl returning the socks and candy to the shelves. While Raker put the bread and potatoes in a sack, she put the rest of the money in her own sock. This, need I say it, stunned Albert. Coming through the door, sack cradled in her arms, she halted when she saw Albert. Albert knew she was cognizant now of his having caught her in the act of treachery, so he assumed she was preparing to run, having stopped from fright. He was so wrong. Firmly planted, she gave a big smile, a wink and blew him a kiss, then smiled at Jesus and casually walked down the sidewalk.

"One of the oldest cons on the streets," Jesus, abreast of Albert, stated nonchalantly.

"It was her eyes, those little girl eyes," Albert, in obvious pain, half chuckled.

"I know," Jesus said as he was walking away. "But then, I am Jesus."

The two of them standing there, within a breath of each other, but a moment between two souls — what was (is) it that makes this such a formidable task of depiction. Contrast. It is the only wedge

to drive to the core of the matter, the uniqueness, the wild freedom contained in two separate though similar masses. Albert, a handsome man with good lines became rough — I recall this as the age of Einstein's amazing and startling proclamation of relativity — alongside this bearded, tender-jawed man. The beard, in this time this culture, was still appropriate. This culture, (which I now have the inclination to disparage as being archaically intolerable, but at the time defended, from smug ethnocentricity), was not known for an intense fondness of hirsuteness in the male population. This was an exception; from it and the dark eyes, skating in smooth cadence to one of the classics, came the charisma. Now that this is so boldly asserted, I can perhaps recall more objectively the contrast — it was the charisma, that inexplicable emittance of solicitation to one's innermost being to rally, to follow, which impeded the progressive completion of this task. It did not phase Albert so much. He was conscious of the height difference, for he was taller beside most men. Recalling his own features, as he later lay in bed sulking, he remembered something about Jesus — not the long hair, tight, smooth skin, nor even the kindness of the eyes — that Jesus had big feet. They really were. I thought it funny when my awe had dissipated. I realize now I have need to correct myself for being misleading. Jesus did not have flawless features, with sun shine glimmering in his hair. Actually except for the eyes, and of course the beard, he was quite typical with even a bulbous, sinuous nose. It is difficult to separate the realities of appearance and mystique, but I know I do feel deflated now, after telling the naked objective truth.

Where did we leave Albert: Oh, yes, he was laying on his back contemplating his next move, a move that must recapture his grace, and he was visualizing those feet, the feet so like a clown's feet. It helped him some, for he managed to recuperate to the extent to remobilize, to push forward to the point of easy progress. He seemed to be losing sight of the purpose of his visit, transfixing his mind on one up-manship, if the truth be known. His senses were intact, riding on a pillar, a pillar of self amusement, as he slipped into sleep, hands behind his head, with a smile on his lips.

A more impetuous man would have gone to Jesus for a full confrontation. This would have been foolhardy, a recklessness out of character for Albert. He watched, he studied his opponent. That afternoon he awoke refreshed, confident and ready to attend to his infirmity. Jesus was on the corner of the two main thoroughfares. Outsiders, prey, were much more dense than usual. Jesus did have a following, it seemed. Once on the streets, however, they were prey to all of the con men. Business was good; "bookies" with fabricated horse races were doing especially well. No sham rivalled Jesus, though. He was the calling card. For the view, the sight of this strange character, people came, leaving with less money. The spectacle of it all demanded their money. The people coming believed that Jesus really believed he was Jesus. Albert believed that Jesus was giving them a lunatic that inspired the side-show intellect lurking in the minds of all humans, the same lunatic inspiring them to give freely in an effort to appease the lunatic. Most of the gifts were a brashly intended patronization of Jesus sometimes from anger but usually from a supercilious amusement. The hecklers gave the most, calling Jesus to rebuke the devil in them, make wine out of water, or clean the dirty streets. Albert became immensely disturbed; he knew that beneath those peaceful, subdued eyes, under that flowing robe, Jesus was laughing his ass off at the stupid son-of-a-bitches being taken by this simplistic, even childish scheme. Their haughtiness, their own intellectual pride peering at the wild man of Borneo, was making fools of them all. And Jesus was laughing his ass off.

Since this was the first time Albert had seen Jesus in operation he was a bit surprised to see the real street people hover about Jesus, when the real lunatics, the outsiders, had departed back to their quaint homes. This was no time to observe, for Jesus, certainly a pedagogue, to Albert's horror, was either teaching a gospel to these innocents, or else recounting the victories of that day. Anyway, here was Jesus, a scoundrel, growing opulent at the expense of moral integrity and the virtues presupposing the genus of humans. Growing tired of waiting for the crowd to disperse — a few

left intermittently — Albert returned to his room, where before he had really settled in, Jake cracked his door, peering in the room.

"What do you need?" Albert snapped.

"I'm sorry, Albert, I . . ."

"Cut the routine, I've seen enough today." Jake was obviously hurt and confused but Albert did not waver. His anger, his unrelieved frustration grew.

"Albert," whined Jake, pulling cigarettes from his pockets, "You my friend. I like you. I brought you some smokes — we still have friends uh, Albert? Please, Albert. Albert, be Jake's friend. I'll give you more smokes. See. Here. Be Jake's friend. Uh? Uh, Albert?"

Jesus was not on the streets the next day. Virtually no one was. Just desolation and Albert. The outsiders were sparse. Albert remembered Jesus had a regular circuit of streets he worked. This explained his routine absences. Albert was indignant. Jesus, a louse, traveling, leaving his — Albert's — streets, as his discretion, for other, more routinely lucrative streets. He was indignant at the fools who clamored to Jesus, to give their valuable money in tribute to his treachery. His — Albert's — people needed the wasted money. Jesus was a leech, a conniving leech. The outsiders could pass by the street people in need for the more entertaining, thriving spectacle. If people must submit to this wicked perversity, this social sickness arising from the indifference, why could they not be fooled by those in need? The humor was exhausted.

I believe Albert would have left had it not been for this anger. The anger in him demanded his rebuttal, his full renouncement of Jesus. This was an anger never felt before for a people not his before. He would renounce Jesus before the galleries, the street people, not the outsiders. The outsiders, fooled so easily, deserved ignorance of Jesus's deceptions — it was they who ignored the lesser cons. It was the outsiders who committed the ultimate sin of submitting to an unworthy con, in lieu of the less spectacular cons of the average street people.

While he waited, Albert prepared himself as he roamed the streets in search of his people. They no longer approached him with illusions. He had had too much savvy, too much harsh awareness of their deceptive bargains. His impeccability had remained intact throughout his prolonged stay. He had come to know them all, but he never relented, though he in truth was prey, an unyielding outsider untouchable by the most carefully worked out plan. There did not seem to be much reason for the people to deceive him then anyway; Raker's store was doing much more business than normal.

In solitude, pondering the events of the future, Albert heard the voice of his opponent, "Reach in your hearts, O brethren, there is a gospel to be carried." Throughout that day, the streets were full, the shrewdness of it paid off in idle pigeons with no sensitivity but plenty of money to give to the laughter. The less shrewd, Albert's adopted people, took the lesser crumbs. When the outsiders departed with their smiles, empty pockets and arrogance, Albert reached Jesus before the street people did.

"You're still here, Albert? Have you been beaten yet? I apologize. I know it would be a scar worse than those on my hands and side, wouldn't it?"

"Don't apologize," Albert retorted in sarcasm. His tone changed. "Is it not enough these people are reduced to this triviality, without your prosperity in the same convention of work, as you call it, I'm sure."

"I call it my mission, look at my gathered flock," he laughed almost as he gestured to Albert to look behind him. I say he almost laughed because he had this ineffable twisted smile on his face, as if restraining himself from publicly laughing. Anyway, looking into his eyes, his own full of scorn, Albert interpreted it as a laugh. Albert turned slowly, keeping his look of disdain for the sake of Jesus.

They were all there. Albert surveyed the crowd with a look of serenity, until, from behind Albert, Jesus came, working his way among the people, inserting money in their palms. Albert became frozen, in a state of limbo produced by no thoughts. He was retrieved by a voice belonging to a man reminding Albert of Jake, asking, with no infirmity, "Is this all I get?" The man, to Albert's dismay, was Jake.

Jesus answered, "That is all, this time."

Jake, resuming his "normal" posture and voice, resounded, "Well, dat's enough." The entire crowd laughed in unison.

"Ye shall all be taken care of, my children, thus it is written. All shall eat of these two fishes and five loaves," Jesus proclaimed to cheers and more laughter.

Albert was leaving — leaving the streets where he painfully learned, he told himself, the truth about humor. His hands were in his pockets, his mind was elsewhere, as he plodded his course up the street. In front of him, blocking his sidewalk leading out, was a little red-headed girl of familiar countenance, on her knees, bent over, apparently looking for something on the sidewalk. And as Albert drew near, she blurted, "What am I gonna do, I've lost the money my momma gave me to get eggs."

A Hundred And Eleven Degrees

Words and Music By
JACK BAKER

ONE HOT AUGUST NIGHT I THOUGHT I'D GO FOR A SWIM, TO TRY AND WASH AWAY THE
HEAT. I DRANK A FEW BEERS TO TRY AND QUENCH MY THIRST AND I WAS FEELIN' LIGHT ON MY FEET. WELL I
GOT IN MY TRUCK AND HEADED OUT TO THE HOLE WHERE MY COUSIN AND ME USED TO GO. I HADN'T ANY IDEA WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN TO ME. I DIDN'T KNOW I WOULDN'T COME BACK ALONE. ^{CHORUS} WELL THE DAY'D BEEN HOT AND HUMID, WITH NO
WIND—NOT EVEN A BREEZE. ① I WAS BEAT AND I NEEDED REVIVING THAT NIGHT. IT WAS A
② I WAS LONELY AND I NEEDED SOMEBODY THAT NIGHT. IT WAS A
HUNDRED AND ELEVEN DEGREES. I ROPE OUT THE ROPE AND DROPPED INTO THE HOLE, GOT COOL AND
SWAM ON BACK TO THE BANK. I CLIMBED OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT AND THERE STANDIN' AND WATCHIN' WAS A
GIRL AND SHE CALLED ME BY MY NAME. I WAS DRIPAN' WET AND A LITTLE HIGH AND I
DIDN'T KNOW JUST WHAT TO SAY. SHE SAID SHE'D SEEN ME AROUND AND FOLLOWED
ME THERE FROM TOWN AND SHE ASKED ME IF I WANTED HER TO STAY. (CHORUS #2)
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY SHE LOOKED THAT NIGHT; SHE WAS STARIN' RIGHT THROUGH MY EYES.
WHATEVER I'D BEEN THINKIN' KIND OF VANISHED AWAY; GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT SHE HAD ME HYPNOTIZED.
I'D BEEN KIND OF NERVOUS; BUT SHE TOOK CARE OF THAT. MAYBE A MINUTE OR TWO HAD GONE
BY. WHEN THIS LADY I'D NEVER EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE TOLD ME THAT SHE'D BEEN WAITING FOR THIS A
(CHORUS #2)
LONG TIME.

photography



"Cat In A Window"

By PHIL MILAN



"Untitled"

By DON SEPULVEDO

NOTES

OVERLEAF: "Cat In A Window," Phil Milan; ASA 400, 1/60, F 5.6, Reticulated.

ABOVE: "Untitled," Don Sepulvedo; Omega-Rapid, 120 Tri X Film, Normal Lens, F.16, 1/125.

LEFT: "Lady and Wagon," Nikon, 135 mm lens.



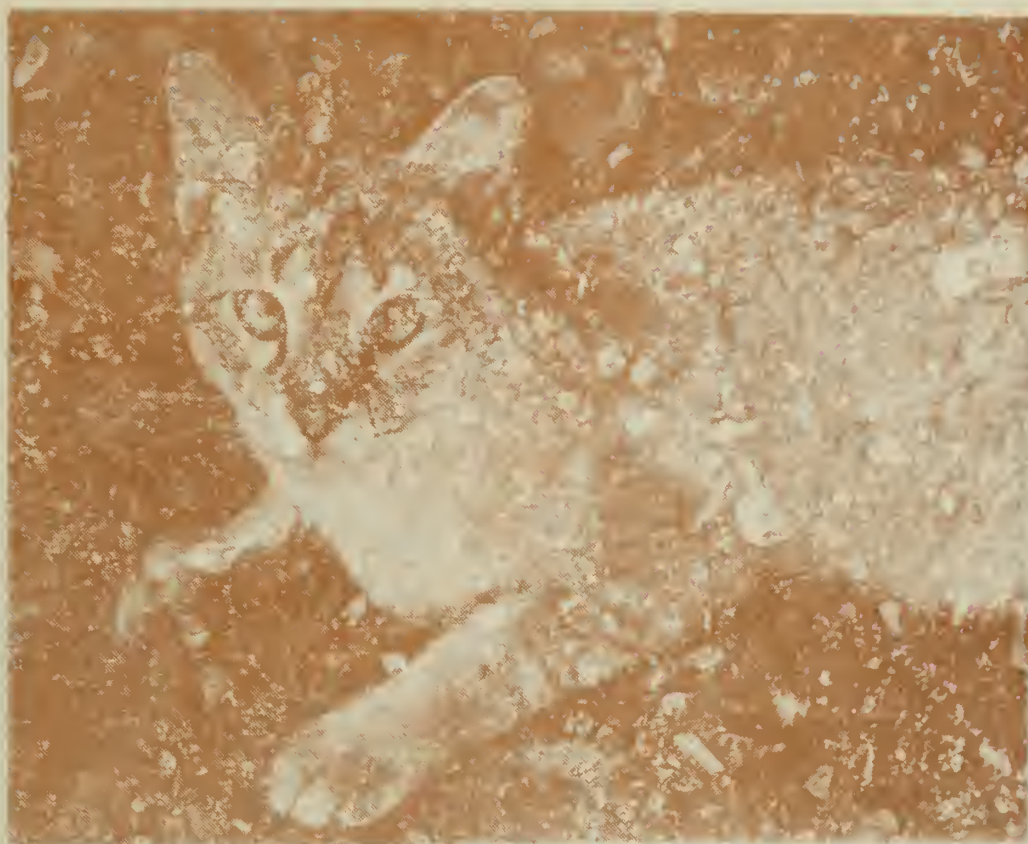
"Lady and Wagon"

By STAN ALOST



"Pusan, Korea"

By JERRY JONES



"Cat Mosaic"

By PHIL MILAN



"Dead Bird"

By PAM LOCKE

NOTES

LEFT: "Pusan, Korea," Jerry Jones; Canon F-1, F5.6, 1/125, 135 mm lens.

ABOVE TOP: "Cat Mosaic," Phil Milan; ASA 400, Double negative.

ABOVE BOTTOM: "Dead Bird," Pam Locke; Mamaya-Sekor; Plus X, 1/250, 35 mm lens, Double Negative.

OVERLEAF: "Pet," Jerry Jones; Canon F Tb, 85 mm, F 2.5, 1/125. Taken on train between Yokohama and Yokosuka, Japan.



"Pet"

By JERRY JONES



"Untitled"

By MARK DAVISON



"Untitled"

By EDNA DAVISON



"Bones" By STAN ALOST

OTES

ges 35 and 36 are abstract forms resulting from dropping developing chemicals onto photographic paper. These "experiments" Mark and Edna Davison are placed opposite of photos which suggested forms to the editorial staff, but the viewer is encouraged to use his imagination.

BOVE: "Bones," Stan Alost; Nikon 43-86 Zoom lens. Taken at the Indian Excavation site near Hannah, Louisiana

ERLEAF: "Mid-morning," Jackie Dees, Fujica, 35 mm lens. Taken near Alexandria, Louisiana



"Mid-Morning"

By JACKIE DEES



"Sunset"

By MARK DAVISON

NOTES

ABOVE: "Sunset," Mark Davison; Combination of two negatives; superimposed on sidewalk.

OVERLEAF TOP: "On Deck," Jerry Jones; Leicaflex, 400 mm lens, F 5.6, 1/500, taken on flight deck of U.S.S. Midway.

OVERLEAF BOTTOM: "Plants In Window," Jerry Jones; Yashica T1 Electro-X. "The film was pushed two f stops and the image taken occupies only a small portion of the negative so that the grain pattern is magnified."



"Flight Deck"

By JERRY JONES



"Plants in Window"

By JERRY JONES



"Ducks in Chaplin's Lake"

By PHIL MILAN



"Tokyo at Night"

By JERRY JONES



"Interplay"

By DON SEPULVEDO

NOTES

OVERLEAF TOP: "Ducks in Chaplin's Lake," Phil Milan, ASA 400, 1/250

OVERLEAF BOTTOM: "Tokyo at Night," Jerry Jones, Leicaflex, Tri-X Film, F 5.6 1/30

ABOVE: "Interplay," Don Sepulvedo, Pentax KM, 35 mm Veracolor II, 55 mm lens, F.8, 1/125

OPPOSITE: "Staircase," Mark Davison; Combination of two negatives superimposed on wood grain.

OPPOSITE OVERLEAF: "Silhouette," Jerry Jones; Navy helicopter on routine mission in Sea of Japan.



"Staircase"

By MARK DAVISON



"Silhouette"

By JERRY JONES

art



aces

STEVE WELLS

Pen and Ink, 12" X 18"



Purgatory

CRAIG BERTHOLD

Woodcut, 16" X 13"



Cloth

CATHY NEWLIN

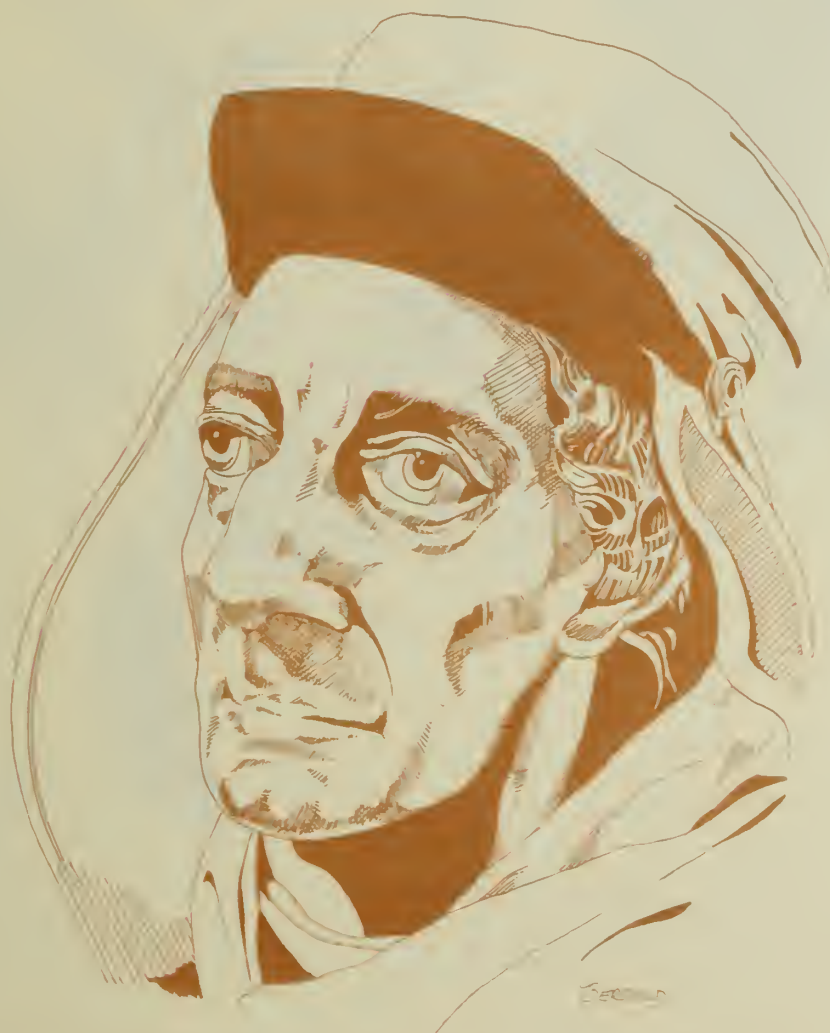
Tempra Paint and String, 24" X 9"



Untitled

FRED GIANFORTE

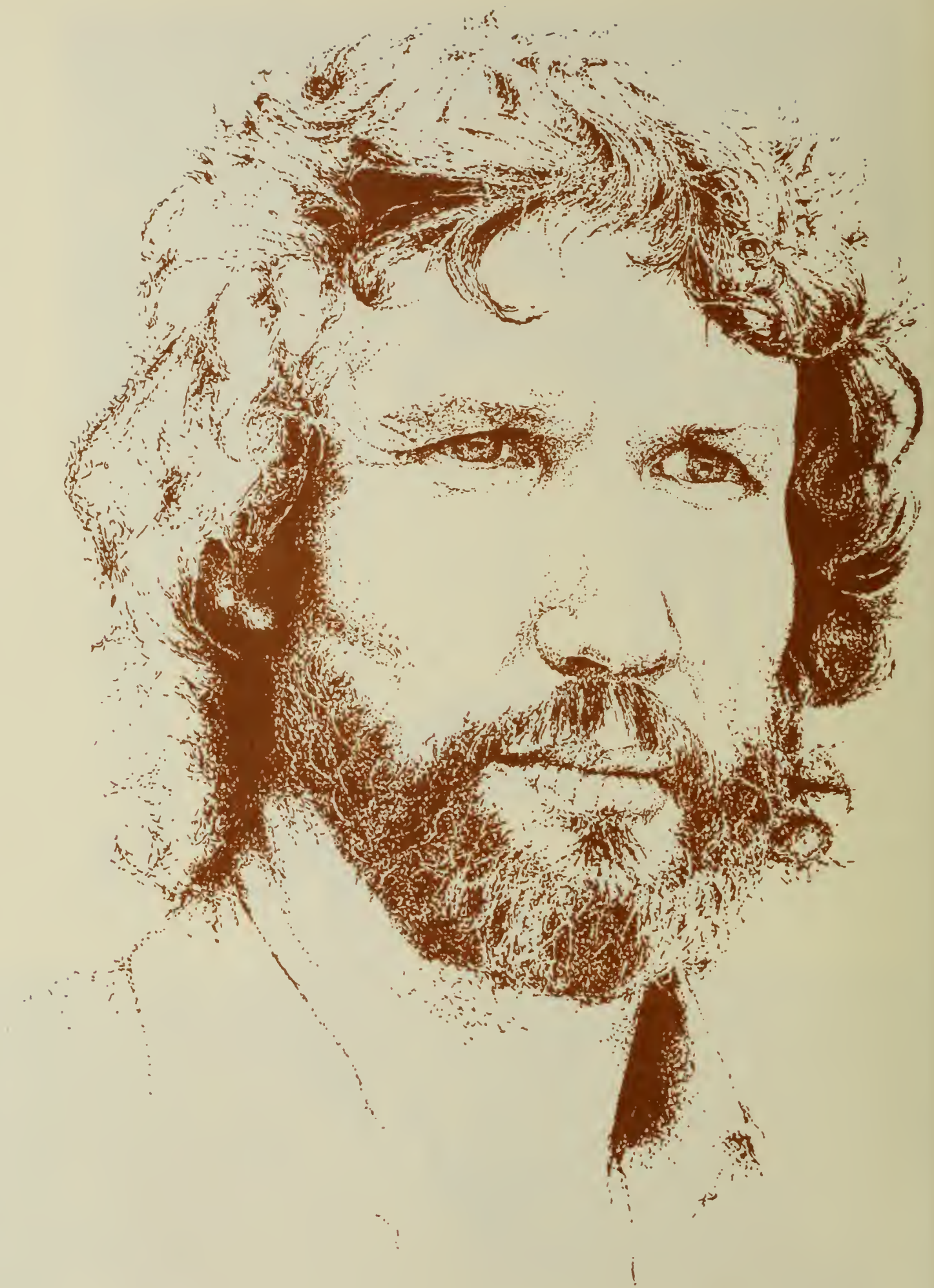
China Marker, 15" X 10"



Digby Geste

CRAIG BERTHOLD

Rapidiograph, 11" X 14"



Kris STEVE WELLS Pen and Ink 12" X 18"





Madonna of the Candle

FRED GIANFORTE

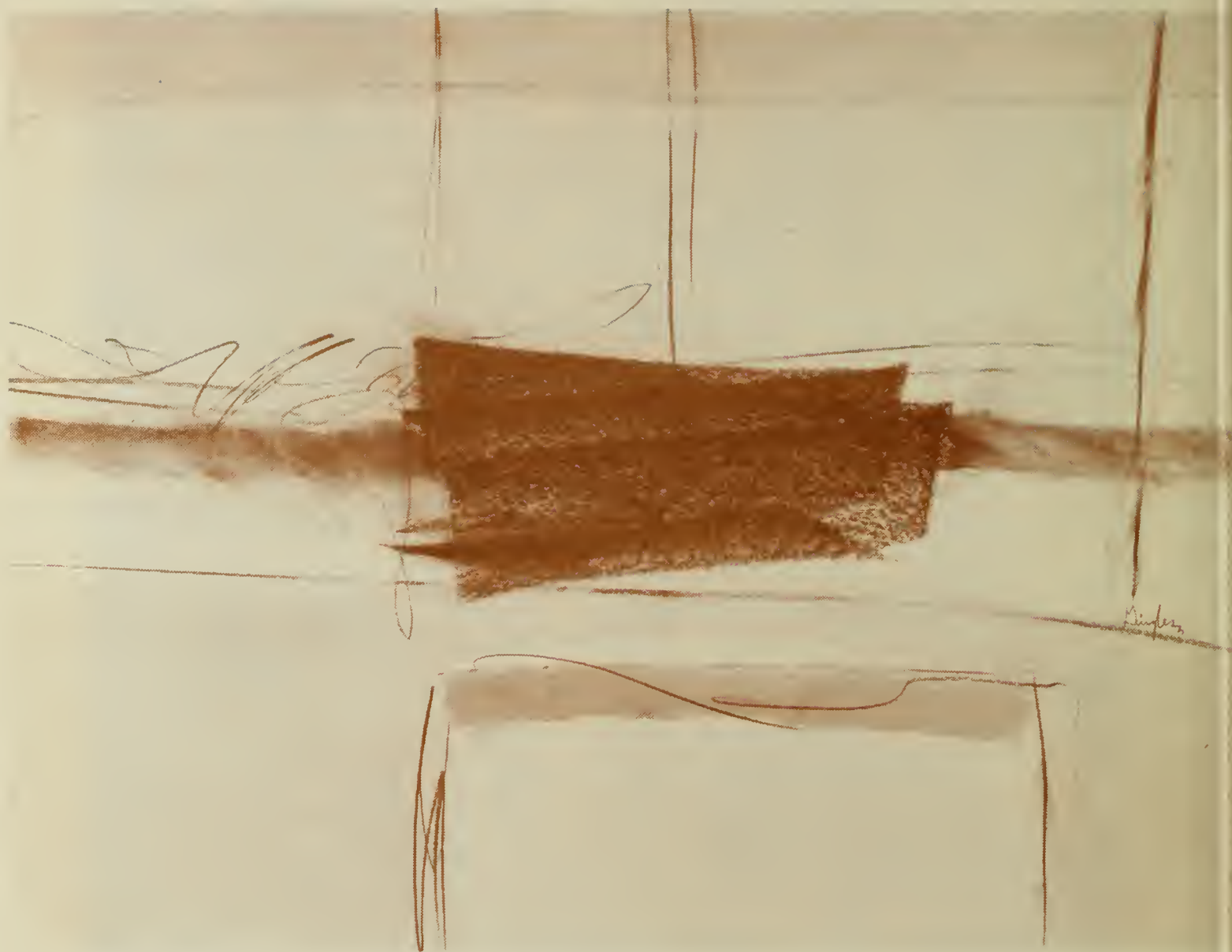
Lithograph, 12" X 18"



Carousel

CATHY NEWLIN

Felt Tip Pen Stipple, 18" X 24"



City Limits

BILLY RAY GINGLES

Pastel and Pencil, 18" X 24"



Tribute to Sparta

FRED GIANFORTE

Zinc Etching, 6" X 13"



David Niven

STEVE WELLS

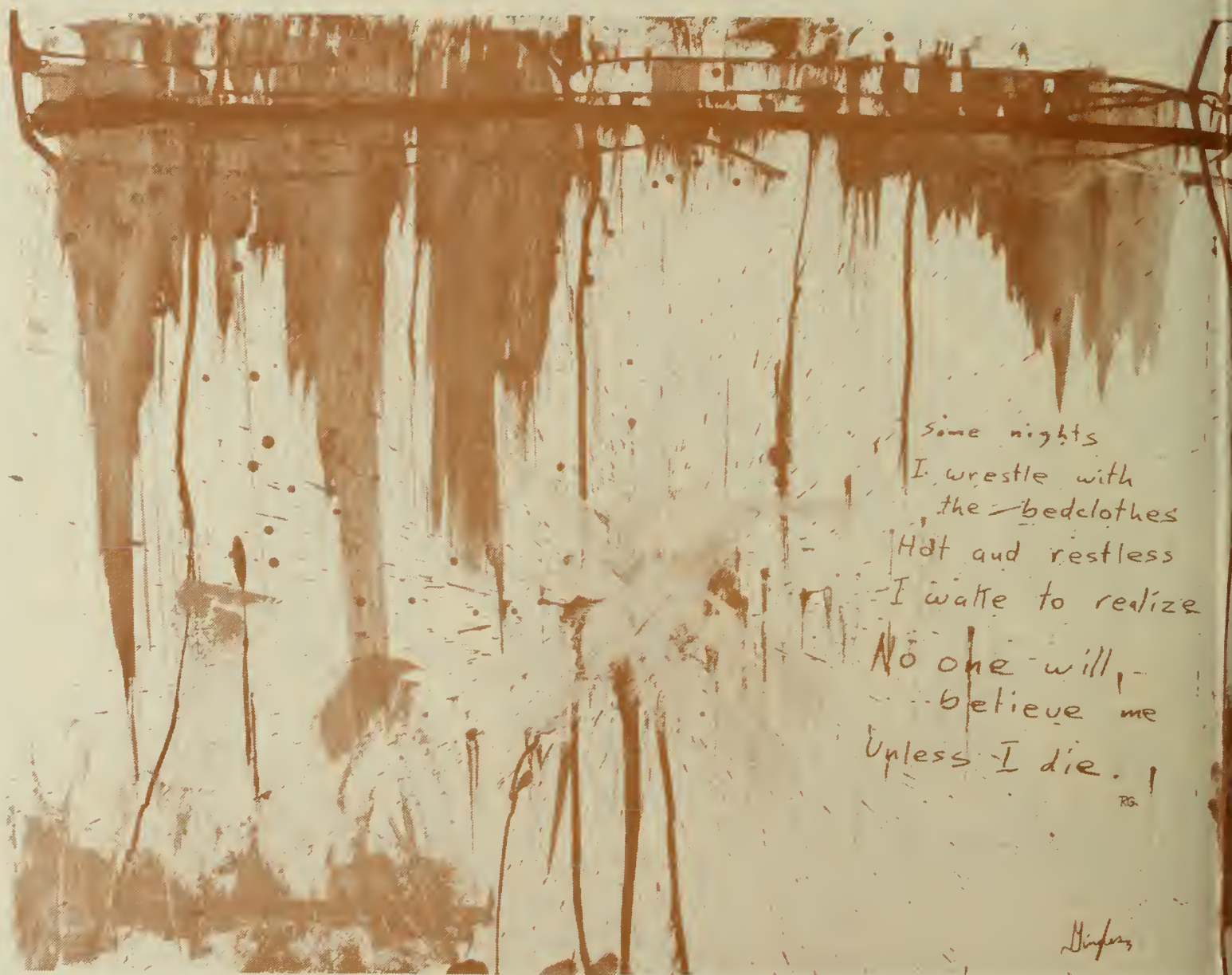
Pencil, 12" X 18"



Cove Haven Wood

FRED GIANFORTE

Linoleum Cut, 12" X 12"



Poem Painting No. 1

BILLY RAY GINGLES and ROGER GINGLES

Acrylic, Ink and Marker, 18" X 24"



he Aging Process

CATHY NEWLIN

Linoleum Cut 12" X 12"



Exhibit LANE DELATIN Woodcut, 8" X 10"



Knot Study

CATHY NEWLIN

Pencil, 18" X 24"



obby

DAVID PIERSON

Charcoal, 10" X 8"



Whiskey Ad

CRAIG BERTHOLD

Rapidiograph, 11" X 18"

Who's Who in ARGUS

ROGER ADAMS — Roger, from Trout, La., is a junior in Business and Distributive Education. His many activities include being president of the Dorm Council, chairman of the Campus Beautification Committee, and a member of SLTA.

STAN ALOST — A native of Natchitoches, Stan is a freshman Journalism major. He also is chief photographer for the **Natchitoches Times**, and enjoys scuba diving and filming NSU football games.

JACK BAKER — A freshman in Music Theory and Composition, Jack intends to pursue a career within the recording industry. He is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, and his song "A Hundred and Eleven Degrees" has the distinction of being the first song lyric ever to be published in ARGUS.

KAY BAUMGARTNER — Kay will be graduating from NSU in December with a BA in Music. She has been actively involved with the University Players and hopes to go to New York to pursue a career in the theatre.

CRAIG BERTHOLD — Craig is a senior in Advertising Design from New Orleans. He considers himself basically a cartoonist, but he also enjoys line drawings. He says he is tired of school and needs a haircut.

CINDY COOK — As student of Biology, Cindy enjoys contact with nature. Her interests include camping, backpacking, and "gathering bouquets of autumn leaves--autumn's my favorite season." She will graduate in May and hopes to enter medical school.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT — Nettie is a graduate student seeking an MA in Music Education. She is from Bunkie, LA., and her special interests include art, travel, and composition.

MARK and EDNA DAVISON — Edna is a freshman in General Studies. Her husband, Mark, is a senior in Advertising Design and has been actively involved in photography for twelve years.

JACKIE DEES — Jackie is a sophomore in Journalism—News Editorial. She enjoys writing and photography and hails from Many, La.

ALLEN M. FORD — Allen, a junior English major, has a great interest in writing and hopes to do freelance work after graduation. He comes to NSU from Marin County, California, which explains his favorite pastimes of tennis and surfing.

FRED GIANFORTE — Fred obtained his BA in Art from NLU and has completed his MA here at Northwestern. He is from Shreveport and is presently an instructor in the Art Department.

BOB GADDIS — Bob graduated from NSU last spring and is now teaching in his hometown of Coushatta. He is deeply concerned with the state of the environment and thus his interests center around nature and conservation.

BILLY RAY GINGLES — Billy Ray is a sophomore from Logansport, La. He plans to teach art at the

college level. He is a member of the Shreveport Art Club and in December will have a show of his work in Shreveport.

EDITH M. HARRIS — Edith is a junior from Baton Rouge majoring in Broadcast Journalism. This fall she served as student producer for "Five On The Black Hand Side," the first all black cast play in NSU history.

DENISE Y. LEWIS — Denise's work has appeared in all three issues of ARGUS. She will graduate in December with a BA in Journalism and will then go to New York City as an assistant editor of ESSENCE magazine.

PAM LOCKE — Pam is a senior in Advertising Design from Marthaville, La. She is currently involved in the activities of the Associated Student Artists.

PHIL MILAN — Phil, an Advertising Design major, is a junior from Bryan, Texas. He has recently become interested in photography as a hobby.

CATHY NEWLIN — Cathy is a freshman from Lake Charles majoring in Interior Design. She is a member of the Associated Student Artists.

DAVID PIERSON — David is a sophomore in Broadcast Journalism from Bossier City. He is the art editor for **The Current Sauce** and enjoys sketching and photography.

DANA PRINCE — Dana, from Natchitoches, is a junior majoring in Dietetics. Her many interests include sailing, cooking, playing the piano, and raising African violets.

MICHAEL ROBINSON — Mike is a senior Chemistry-Social Sciences double major. He enjoys reading Faulkner and is especially fond of Planck's constant.

DON SEPULVEDO — A resident of Natchitoches, Don has recently assumed the position of University Photographer and supervisor of the photography lab.

CINDY TOTTEN — Cindy is a sophomore from Basile, la. Her many interest include horses, writing, speech, and the theatre. Of her many aspirations perhaps the highest is to pen an acceptance speech as she sits upon an appaloosa on stage at the Shubert Theatre.

STEPHEN WELLS — A commercial art major from Shreveport, Steve concentrates in painting, and is especially partial to portraits. One of his major goals during his college career is to grow a beard.

PAMELA WESTER — Pam is a senior English Education major from Provencal. She will student teach in the spring and hopes to pursue a graduate degree in English.

SHEILA F. WOMACK — Sheila, a freshman from Baton Rouge, is pursuing a double major in Journalism-Public Relations and Social Work. After graduation she plans to work in the area of child abuse and neglect, and possibly freelancing for a magazine involved in social causes.



NORTHWESTERN STATE
UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA

Vol II #2



Paul S. Barnes

ARGUS ARGUS ARGUS ARGUS SP78

